When wolves and tygers howl for prey
They pityng stand and weep;
Seeking to drive their thirst away:
And keep them from the sheep.
But if they rush dreadful;
The angels most heedful.
Recieve each mild spirit.
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lions ruddy eyes,
Shall flow with tears of gold:
And pitying the tender cries.
And walking round the fold:
Saying: wrath by his meekness
And by his health, sickness.
Is driven away.
From our immortal day.

And now beside thee bleating lamb.
I can lie down and sleep;
Or think on him who bore thy name
Graze after thee and weep.
For washd in lifes river.
My bright mane for ever.
Shall shine like the gold
As I guard o'er the fold.